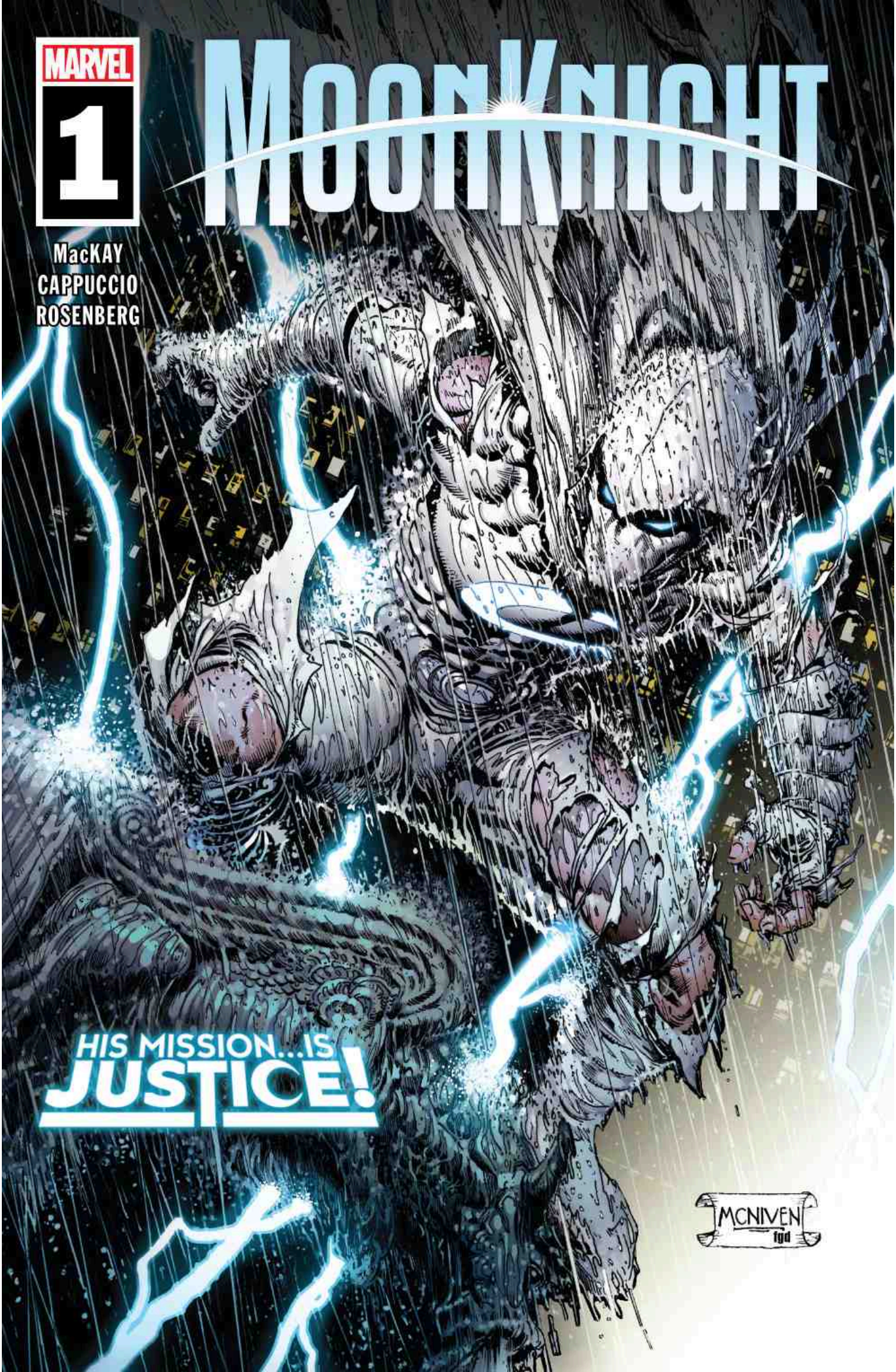
MARVEL
1
30 YEARS
V · MICHELINIE · MANNA · LIM · POGGI · DIJJO · SILVA
CARNAGE


MARVEL
1
MOON KNIGHT
MacKAY
CAPPUCCIO
ROSENBERG
HIS MISSION...IS
JUSTICE!
MCNIVEN
fgd

"YOU EVER HAD ONE OF THOSE MOMENTS?
"YOU'RE WATCHING YOURSELF RUSH HEADLONG INTO DISASTER, LIKE SOME OUT-OF-BODY EXPERIENCE.
"YOU KNOW THIS ENDS POORLY. RUIN LIES PAST THE EDGE, AND YET YOU CAN'T STOP.
"MUSCLES AND LIMBS MOVE BY MEMORY. BRAIN ON AUTO. LUNGS INHALING FUMES, HEART PUMPING CAUSTIC INTO VEINS.
"YOU THINK TO YOURSELF, 'SCREW IT--IF I STOP, I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK. AND WHAT THE HELL DO I HAVE TO GO BACK TO?'
"AND THEN...

WELCOME TO THE MIDNIGHT MISSION. MY NAME IS MR. KNIGHT.
HOW CAN I HELP?

"...PLUMMETING THROUGH YOUR PERSONAL CATACLYSM, YOU REGRET IT.
"YOU WATCH YOURSELF DESCEND INTO RUIN, KNOWING DEEP DOWN THAT EVEN IF YOU MAKE IT THROUGH TO THE END...
"...THE ONLY THING YOU'LL HAVE TO SHOW FOR IT IS ALL THE CARNAGE LEFT BEHIND.
CARNAGE
IN THE COURT OF CRIMSON
"I DIDN'T SEE THINGS TURNING OUT LIKE THIS... NOT AT THE BEGINNING.

Mercenary **Marc Spector** died and was reborn in the shadow of **Khonshu**, the Egyptian god of the moon. Spector became **Moon Knight**, the Fist of Khonshu, to fight evil. Through his Midnight Mission, he is the defender of all those who travel at night.

MOON KNIGHT

"THE MISSION"

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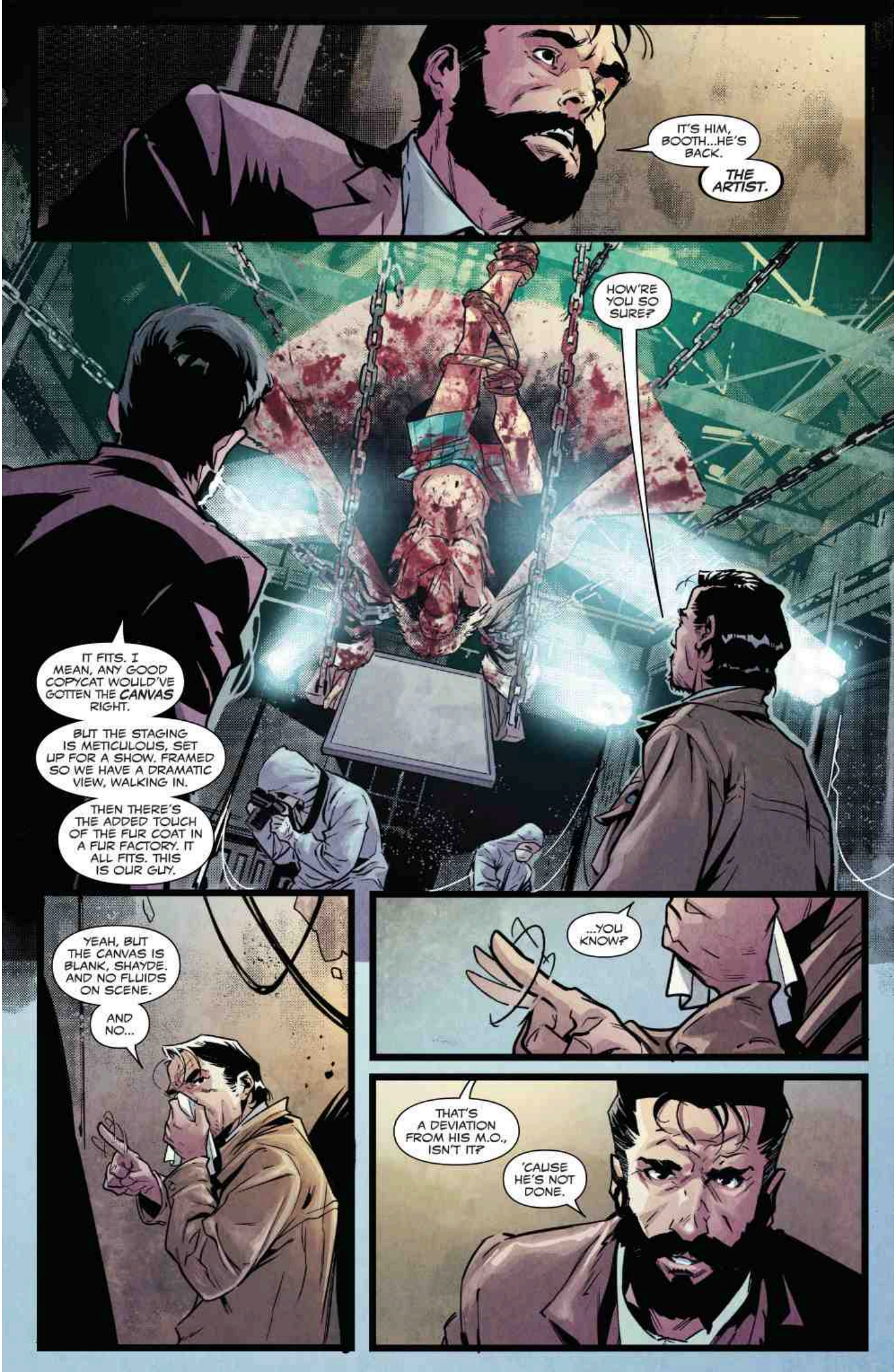
"AT THE BEGINNING, I THOUGHT I'D *GET MY MAN.*"

DETECTIVE JONATHAN SHAYDE

RIME SCENE
WELL, IF IT ISN'T JON *ALWAYS-GETS-HIS-MAN* SHAYDE!
I *THOUGHT* SOMETHING SMELLED FUNNY AROUND HERE.
MUST BE YOUR CHARMING PERSONALITY, *BOOTH*.
HEY, DETECTIVES! YOU TWO GONNA KEEP DANCING OUT HERE?
'CAUSE I'D LOVE TO GET MY NOSE AS FAR AWAY FROM THIS PLACE AS POSSIBLE.
OOOF...THAT'S RIPE.
WHAT'S THE LOWDOWN, SARGE?
ANONYMOUS CALLER LEFT A TIP A LITTLE BEFORE 6:30.
SAYS THERE'S AN AWFUL SMELL COMIN' FROM THE OLD ABANDONED FUR FACTORY ON DEL RIO.
OFFICERS ARRIVED ON-SITE TWELVE MINUTES LATER.
AFTER THEY *HURLED*, THEY CALLED IN HOMICIDE, WHO CALLED IN SPECIAL CASES. AND HERE WE ARE...

UH.
LOOK, THIS IS ALL REAL WEIRD. BUT PEOPLE SAY THAT WHEN SOMETHING WEIRD IS GOING ON, YOU'RE THE GUY TO, UH, TALK TO.
SO, PEOPLE HAVE BEEN GOING MISSING ON MY BLOCK...
SCREEEEECH
"I'LL LOOK INTO IT."
OKAY, BABY VAMPIRES! HERE WE GO!
IT'S TIME! YOU REMEMBER HOW WE BROUGHT YOU SUB-ORDS INTO THE STRUCTURE? NOW IT'S YOUR TURN.
IT'S A BIG MOMENT FOR YOU GUYS. I'M REALLY EXCITED FOR YOU.
ONCE YOU PULL IN A NEW RECRUIT AND TURN THEM, THEY'LL BE YOUR SUB-ORDS! AND THEN YOU'LL REACH OMICRON LEVEL!
WE JUST WANT TO GO HOME--
WE BELIEVE IN YOU GUYS!
REMEMBER WHAT THE TUTOR SAYS: IT'S YOUR MOMENT IF YOU CAN SEIZE IT!
HEY, WHAT'S THA--?


IT'S HIM, BOOTH...HE'S BACK.
THE ARTIST.
HOW'RE YOU SO SURE?
IT FITS. I MEAN, ANY GOOD COPYCAT WOULD'VE GOTTEN THE CANVAS RIGHT.
BUT THE STAGING IS METICULOUS, SET UP FOR A SHOW. FRAMED SO WE HAVE A DRAMATIC VIEW, WALKING IN.
THEN THERE'S THE ADDED TOUCH OF THE FUR COAT IN A FUR FACTORY. IT ALL FITS. THIS IS OUR GUY.
YEAH, BUT THE CANVAS IS BLANK, SHAYDE. AND NO FLUIDS ON SCENE.
AND NO...
...YOU KNOW?
THAT'S A DEVIATION FROM HIS M.O., ISN'T IT?
'CAUSE HE'S NOT DONE.

BRAKE SCREECH
NICE NIGHT.

SKLTCH
SQRRM
THE STOMACH...LOOK AT THE STOMACH, BOOTHS.
IT'S NOT A DEVIATION. IT'S AN ESCALATION.
HEY! HEY, YOU!
GET OUT FROM UNDER THERE!
SPLATTER
GEEZ, $@%#! WHAT THE...
...HELL?!

REEE-EEEE
WHUMP
SKREEEKH
OH NO.
OH NO.

OH...DEAR GOD!
WHAT IN THE HELL WOULD DRIVE A MAN TO DO THIS?

WHAT WAS THAT? SOME KIND OF--
I WARNED YOU.
I WARNED ALL OF YOU.
WHUDD
AAAHH!
I PAINT MY SYMBOL ON THE WALLS FOR TWO REASONS.
THE FIRST IS SO PEOPLE KNOW THAT THEY'RE SAFE. MY PEOPLE. THE PEOPLE TRAVELING AT NIGHT.

THE SECOND?
A WARNING.

IT'S THE PERFORMANCE. THE THEATER OF IT ALL.
HE'S AN EXHIBITIONIST... SHOWING OFF.
BUT HE DIDN'T CALL THE PRESS--LEFT AN ANONYMOUS TIP. NO LETTERS, NO CODED MESSAGES.
HE'S NOT DOING IT FOR US OR FOR THE PUBLIC ATTENTION.
NO.
THEN WHO, JON? WHO'S HE CALLING TO?

THIS IS MY TERRITORY.
THIS IS MY CONGREGATION.
THIS IS MY MISSION.
I'M THE MOON KNIGHT.
MY WARNINGS WERE THERE.
THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU IGNORE THEM.

DID YOU KNOW, MISTER...
...SPEAKMAN?
DID YOU KNOW WHAT MY FATHER SAID ABOUT HIS PROFESSION?
2 SPEAKMAN
3 DOB 01/06/1988
8 123 STREET ADDRESS
YOUR CITY WA
15 SEX M
16 HGT 5'-08"
12 RESTRICTIONS
NONE
Dave Speakman
FOR OVER FORTY YEARS, THE MAN WAS A MORTICIAN...A VERY GOOD ONE.
HE SPENT HIS DAYS MAKING THE DEAD MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN THEY HAD EVER BEEN IN LIFE.
HE WORKED FOR THE CITY TOO. SO HE GOT ALL THE WORST CASES. PRISON BEATINGS, MURDERS, HORRIBLE ACCIDENTS, VICTIMS ABANDONED AND ALONE.
WHEN I WAS JUST A BOY, HE'D TAKE ME TO WORK WITH HIM. I'D WATCH HIM THE WHOLE DAY, CLEANING, STITCHING, SEWING UP BULLET HOLES AND PATCHING UP RIPPED FACES.
AND I'D ASK HIM...

KENNETH NEELY
"THE ARTIST"

COME ON, WE NEED TO BE OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY GET BACK--
YOU-- YOU KILLED THEM?
OH, THANK YOU--
NO, WAIT--
WE WEREN'T WITH THEM-- THEY KIDNAPPED US! WE'RE FROM THIS NEIGHBORHOOD!
THEY TURNED US. THEY MADE US LIKE THEM--
BUT WE'RE NOT LIKE THEM--
WE'RE NOT KILLERS!
WE DIDN'T ASK FOR THIS!
I WAS A VEGAN BEFORE, FOR GOD'S SAKE!
"YOU SPARED THEM?"
KLAK-

"DADDY, DADDY...WHY DO YOU SPEND SO MUCH TIME MAKING THE DEAD LOOK SO BEAUTIFUL?
"WHY WOULD THEY CARE? THEY'RE DEAD!"
MMF!
NOW, YOU'D THINK HE'D SAY HE WAS DOING IT FOR THE FAMILIES.
OR BECAUSE HE FELT SOME SENSE OF DUTY TOWARD THE DEAD. BUT NO...YOU KNOW WHAT HE SAID TO ME?
HRNNNMMMMMMMMMH!
HE SAID TO ME, "KENNY, MY DEAR BOY...ALL THINGS MUST BE BEAUTIFUL IN THE KINGDOM OF GOD."
HE DIED OF LEPROSY WHEN HE WAS 63.
YOU EVER SEEN WHAT LEPROSY DOES TO A PERSON, MR. SPEAKMAN? HIS GOD CHOSE TO END HIM THAT WAY.

YES, DR. STERMAN. I DID.
REESE WAS RIGHT--THEY MAY HAVE BEEN *VAMPIRES*, BUT THEY WERE ALSO *INNOCENTS*.
THEY HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED AND TURNED BY SOME VAMPIRIC SELF-ACTUALIZATION PYRAMID SCHEME CULT.
THEY WERE *ALSO* TRAVELERS AT NIGHT, AND THEY NEEDED MY PROTECTION.
RIGHT. YOUR RELIGIOUS DUTY. LET'S TALK ABOUT THAT.
YOU'VE STARTED A CHURCH?
A *MISSION*.
I *AM* THE HIGH PRIEST OF KHONSHU.
BUT AREN'T YOU JEWISH? ISN'T THAT A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS?
MY FATHER WAS A *RABBI*. I WAS A *WAR CRIMINAL*.
CONTRADICTIONS ARE NOTHING NEW FOR ME.
LET'S GO OVER *THAT*.
MARC SPECTOR. U.S. MARINE CORPS, C.I.A. AND THEN PRIVATE MILITARY CONTRACTING, MAINLY THROUGHOUT AFRICA AND SOUTH AMERICA.
"PRIVATE MILITARY CONTRACTING." PLEASE DON'T SANITIZE THE FACTS ON *MY* ACCOUNT.
I WAS A *BAD MAN* WHO DID *BAD THINGS* TO PEOPLE IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES FOR *MONEY*.
BUT THEN YOU WENT TO SELIMA IN NORTH SUDAN WITH RAOUL BUSHMAN.
YOU GREW A CONSCIENCE.
YOU MADE A STAND AND WENT AGAINST YOUR FELLOW MERCENARIES.

AND YET, I AM DRIVEN BY HIS BELIEF, MR. SPEAKMAN... ALL THINGS MUST BE BEAUTIFUL IN THE KINGDOM OF GOD.
YOU SEE? IN LIFE, YOU ARE AN UNREMARKABLE MAN. ORDINARY...
...PERHAPS EVEN UGLY.
BUT I HAVE LET OUT YOUR BLOOD NOW, AND IN DEATH, MR. SPEAKMAN...
...IN GLORIOUS AND TRANSFORMATIVE DEATH, I WILL MAKE YOU BEAUTIFUL.
BUT I DON'T DO THIS FOR YOUR GOD. OR MY FATHER'S. WHAT DO THEY KNOW OF BEAUTY?
-'SMECK'-
I'VE BEEN CALLING TO HIM, YOU SEE? EVER SINCE I SAW THE DRAGONS IN THE SKY, I KNEW THEY WERE GODS, AND I SAW THE MARK OF MY GOD UPON HIS HEAD.
ON THE RIGHT DAYS, AT THE RIGHT TIMES, I HAVE TAKEN LIFE IN HIS NAME, SCRAWLED HIS SPIRALS IN BLOOD.
TK TK TK TK TK TK
"DO YOU HEAR ME?" I HAVE ASKED. "DO YOU SEE ME...?"
...MY GOD?!

"YOU DIED."

KENNEEEEEEEETH.
YOU'VE BEEN A BUSY, BUSY BOY, KENNETH!
SUCH FERVOR WITH WHICH YOU MUTILATE LIFE. SUCH BLOODY GUSTO AND JOY AND...TERRIBLE BEAUTY.
AND THEN YOU SCRAWL THAT DAMNED SPIRAL ALL OVER IT, EVERY SINGLE TIME.
ARE YOU CALLING MY NAME, KENNETH? DID YOUR MOTHER NEVER TELL YOU STORIES ABOUT CALLING TERRIBLE THINGS BY THEIR NAME?
OR ARE YOU A FAN?

YOU'RE RIGHT.
I DID GROW A CONSCIENCE.
BUT AFTER YEARS SPENT FIGHTING DIRTY WARS, MY SOUL WAS BARREN EARTH. TO SPROUT SUCH A FLOWER AS THAT, WELL... IT HAD TO BE WATERED WITH BLOOD. MY BLOOD.
YOU CLAIM THAT... THE EGYPTIAN GOD KHONSHU BROUGHT YOU BACK TO LIFE.
CORRECT.
I WAS GIVEN MY LIFE BACK IN RETURN FOR BECOMING THE FIST OF KHONSHU.
TO BECOME THE TRAVELER, THE EMBRACER, THE PATHFINDER.
THE DEFENDER OF THOSE WHO TRAVEL AT NIGHT.
NOW, THIS IS NORMALLY WHERE A MENTAL HEALTH PROFESSIONAL MIGHT BE SKEPTICAL.
BUT I AGREED TO BE YOUR THERAPIST AT THE REQUEST OF THE AVENGERS, SO I UNDERSTAND THAT YOUR SITUATION IS UNIQUE.
YOU DIED AT LEAST TWICE MORE?
ONCE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE EAST RIVER.
ANOTHER WHEN THE SHADOWKEEP-- MY HEADQUARTERS-- WAS BLOWN UP AROUND ME.
MARC, MAY I ASK YOU A QUESTION?
PLEASE.
CAN YOU DIE?

HOSPITAL

JON SHAYDE

BOOTH! WHAT'S THE DEAL?
WHY AM I DOWN HERE AT THIS HOUR?

EMTs BROUGHT IN A DAVE SPEAKMAN... FOUND HIM HALF NAKED ON THE CORNER OF BELVEDERE, ALMOST BLED OUT.
THEY STABILIZED HIM, GOT HIM BLOOD. HE'S STILL IN A BAD WAY.
SOME OF THE STUFF HE WAS SAYING? EMTs THINK HE ESCAPED A KILLER--AN ATTACK OF SOME KIND.
SAID HIS ATTACKER WAS GOING TO MAKE HIM "BEAUTIFUL" IN DEATH.

"I DON'T KNOW."

Reception

WELCOME TO THE MIDNIGHT MISSION. MY NAME IS MR. KNIGHT.
HOW CAN I HELP?

THEY...
IN MY BUILDING, THEY COME OUT AT NIGHT, THEY SCRATCH AT THE DOORS...THEY WHISPER SUCH THINGS...
PLEASE-- PEOPLE ARE FRIGHTENED. THEY ALREADY TRIED TO TAKE MY NEIGHBOR...

"FIGURED YOU'D WANT TO BE HERE WHEN HE WAKES UP."
I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH... THEY SAY I LOST A LOT OF BLOOD.
I USED A SCALPEL TO CUT MYSELF FREE. BUT HE WAS ALREADY GONE.

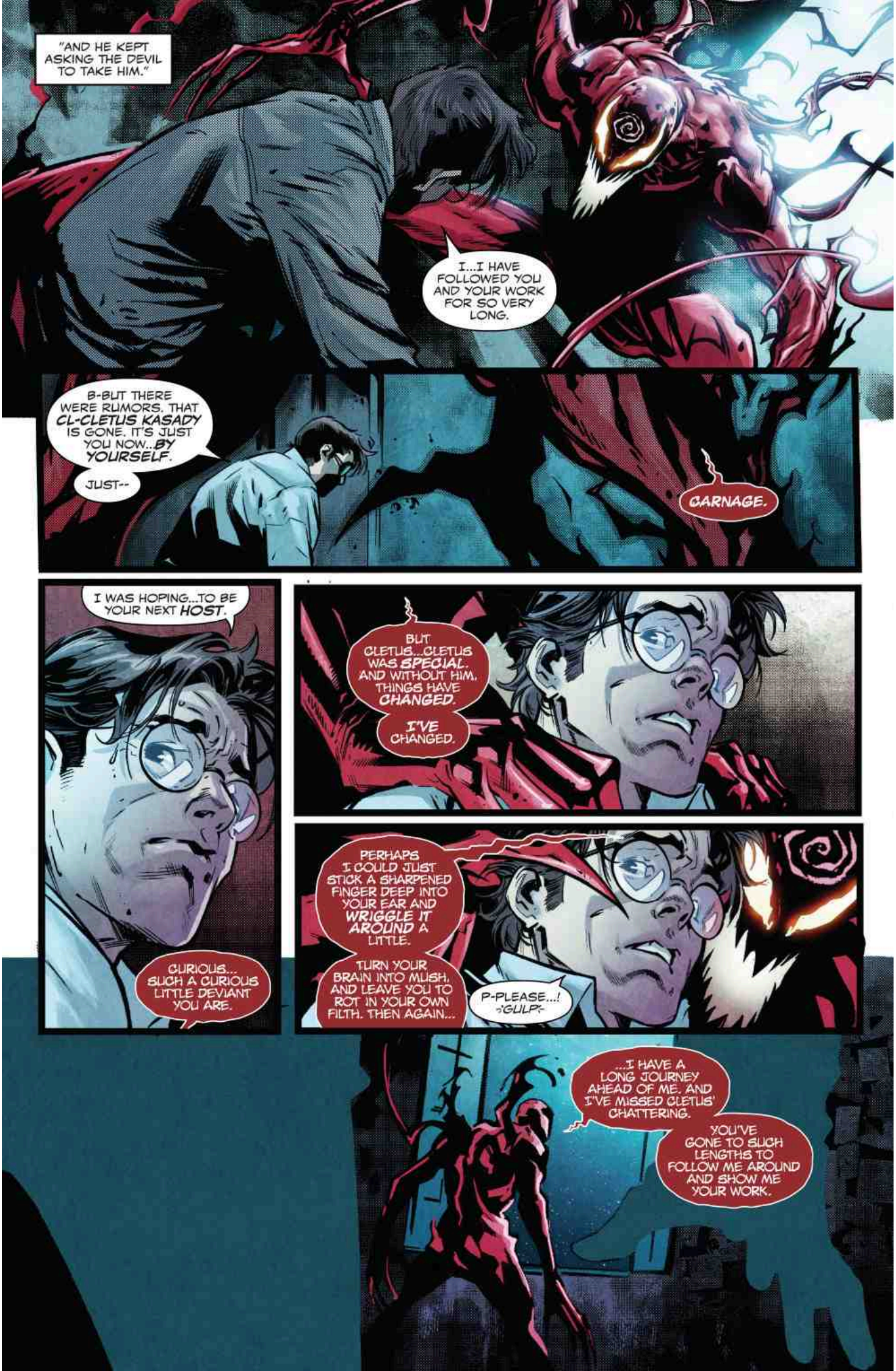
IS THERE ANYTHING YOU CAN THINK OF THAT HE SAID, ANYTHING HE WORE OR DID THAT MIGHT HELP?
HE WAS TALKING ABOUT HIS FATHER. SAID HE DIED OF... LEPROSY. THAT'S PRETTY RARE, RIGHT?

THAT'S GOOD. VERY USEFUL, MR. SPEAKMAN. WHAT ELSE DID HE SAY?

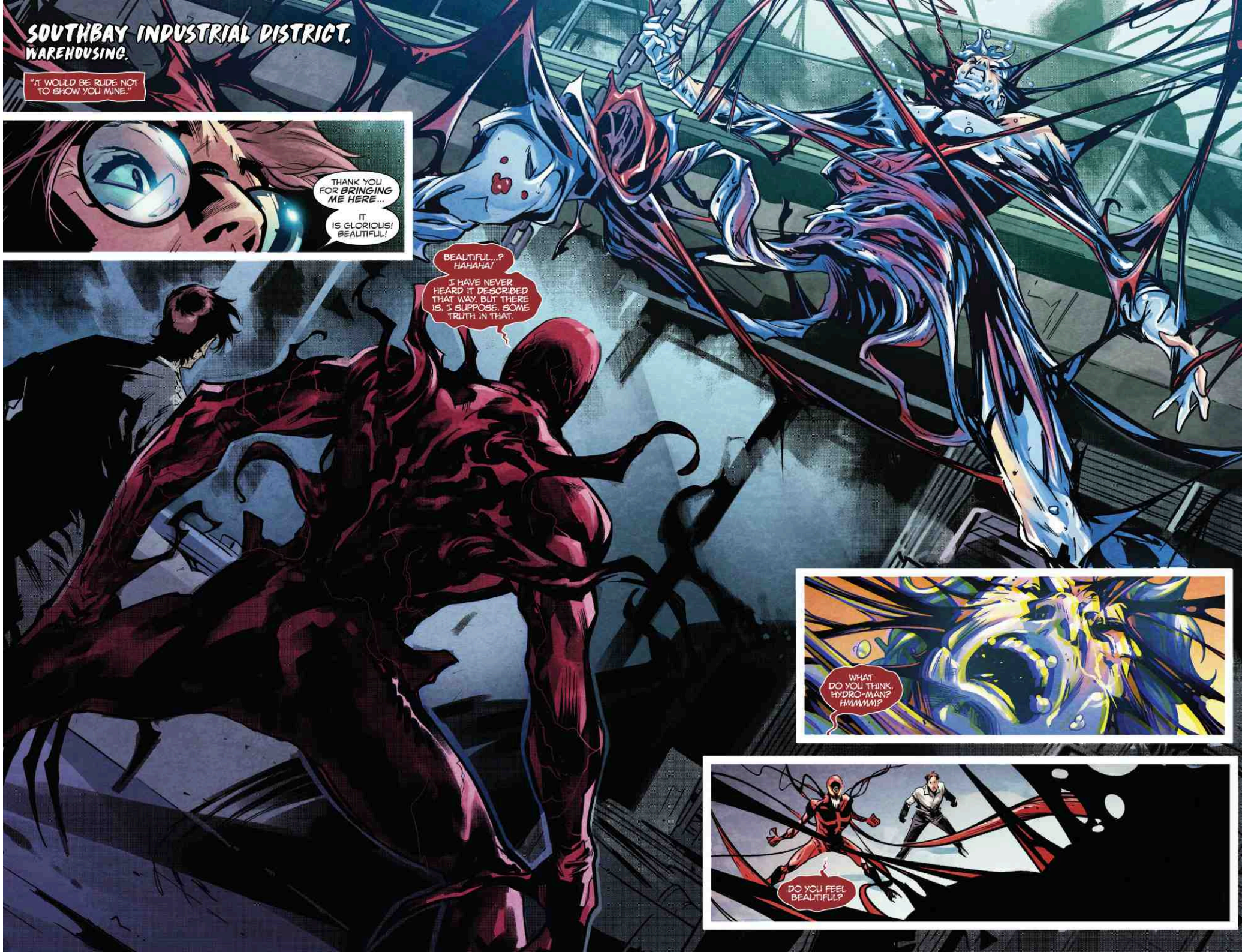
NNNH, I CAN'T REMEMBER... HE WAS...TALKING TO SOMEONE ELSE.
THERE WAS SOMEONE ELSE THERE?

"THE DEVIL...*THE DEVIL* WAS THERE, DETECTIVE. IN THE FLESH.

"PLEASE DON'T WORRY.
"I'LL HANDLE IT."
→HISSSSS!←
RAAAGH!
CLOSE THE DOOR AND LOCK IT!


"AND HE KEPT ASKING THE DEVIL TO TAKE HIM."
I...I HAVE FOLLOWED YOU AND YOUR WORK FOR SO VERY LONG.
B-BUT THERE WERE RUMORS. THAT CL-CLETUS KASADY IS GONE. IT'S JUST YOU NOW..BY YOURSELF.
JUST--
CARNAGE.
I WAS HOPING...TO BE YOUR NEXT HOST.
CURIOUS... SUCH A CURIOUS LITTLE DEVIANT YOU ARE.
BUT CLETUS...CLETUS WAS SPECIAL. AND WITHOUT HIM, THINGS HAVE CHANGED.
I'VE CHANGED.
PERHAPS I COULD JUST STICK A SHARPENED FINGER DEEP INTO YOUR EAR AND WRIGGLE IT AROUND A LITTLE.
TURN YOUR BRAIN INTO MUSH, AND LEAVE YOU TO ROT IN YOUR OWN FILTH. THEN AGAIN...
P-PLEASE...! -GULP-
...I HAVE A LONG JOURNEY AHEAD OF ME. AND I'VE MISSED CLETUS' CHATTERING.
YOU'VE GONE TO SUCH LENGTHS TO FOLLOW ME AROUND AND SHOW ME YOUR WORK.

AAIIEEEE!!!
KRASHH


SOUTHBAY INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT.
WAREHOUSING.
"IT WOULD BE RUDE NOT TO SHOW YOU MINE."
THANK YOU FOR BRINGING ME HERE...
IT IS GLORIOUS! BEAUTIFUL!
BEAUTIFUL...? HAHAHA!
I HAVE NEVER HEARD IT DESCRIBED THAT WAY. BUT THERE IS, I SUPPOSE, SOME TRUTH IN THAT.
WHAT DO YOU THINK, HYDRO-MAN? HMMMM?
DO YOU FEEL BEAUTIFUL?

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE.
"VERMIN." ONE OF SPIDER-MAN'S FOES. SOME MAD-SCIENCE GUINEA PIG. USED TO BE A MAN.
HATES BEING ALONE.
NOW YOU CAN CLONE YOURSELF.
GOOD TRICK. MEANS YOU'RE NEVER ALONE.
→HISSSS...←
UNLESS I KILL ALL OF YOU RIGHT NOW.
AND I CAN.
AND I WILL.
I'M NOT SPIDER-MAN.
I'M MOON KNIGHT.
AND I DON'T DIE.

NO...NO, I IMAGINE YOU DON'T.
BUT THERE IS A BEAUTY LOCKED WITHIN YOU, MORRIS BENCH.
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS REACH IN.
ALL THE WAY DOWN INTO THE ESSENCE OF WHAT YOU ARE.
INTO THE MOLECULES AND ATOMS THAT MAKE YOU UP.
WATER... AN INFINITE MEDIUM WHOSE TRUE POWER YOU HAVEN'T EVEN BEGUN TO COMPREHEND.
NYYYAAAA!
AAARRRGHH!
IT HAS MADE YOU WHAT YOU ARE. AND NOW I TAKE IT FOR MY OWN.

I UNDERSTAND HOW LOSING YOUR PEOPLE HURTS YOU.
BUT THESE ARE MY PEOPLE YOU'RE TRYING TO EAT.
YOU TRIED TO TAKE ONE OF MINE. I TOOK ONE OF YOURS.
YOU CAN LEAVE IT AT THAT, SCURRY OFF AND KEEP CLEAR OF MY TERRITORY--
--OR YOU CAN TEST ME FURTHER.

YOU SEE, KENNETH? I AM NO LONGER BOUND BY THE TRAPPINGS AND YEARNINGS OF CLETUS KASADY. OR ANY MAN.
ALL THAT TORTURE AND PAIN AND FLESH AND BLOOD...I ADMIT I ENJOYED IT. BUT THAT WAS CLETUS' PREOCCUPATION.

"WE EACH HAVE OUR OWN OBSESSIONS. I AM YOURS.

"AND YOU ARE PROBABLY SOMEONE ELSE'S."
WE HAVE A NAME, BOOTH.
NEELY. KENNETH NEELY. ONLY SON OF A MORTICIAN WHO DIED OF LEPROSY BACK IN 2012.
I'VE BEEN LOOKING AT PRIOR RENTAL RECORDS, AND HE'S TRAVELED ALL AROUND THE PLACE.
People missing
spiral
THERE'RE PROBABLY BODIES WEDON'T EVEN KNOW ABOUT. BUT IT'S ALMOST LIKE HE'S FOLLOWING SOMEONE ELSE.
AND THERE'S ALWAYS A PATTERN, BOOTH. I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND THE INDUSTRIAL SECTOR. CHECK ON SOME HUNCHES.
BUT I...I WANT TO ESCAPE THESE MEAGER AMBITIONS, KENNETH.
I AM GOING TO FIND MY OWN MEANINGS, MY OWN BEAUTY. AND THIS...

"YOUR CHOICE."
THE FAMOUS MIDNIGHT MISSION.
I'M GLAD YOU LIKE IT.
YOU KNOW, I RATHER DO.
LET'S TALK ABOUT KHONSHU.
AH. KHONSHU.
YOUR GOD. WHO BROUGHT YOU BACK FROM THE DEAD, AND WHOSE DUTY YOU PERFORM EVERY NIGHT.
LET ME CUT RIGHT TO IT.
I KNOW KHONSHU IS UNWORTHY OF MY WORSHIP OR ANYONE'S. I KNOW HE TRIED TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD.* I KNOW HE DESERVES TO BE IMPRISONED WHEREVER THE AESIR ARE KEEPING HIM, OFF IN ASGARD.
BUT UNWORTHY OR NOT, I AM HIS FIST.
*IN AVENGERS #33-37. --TOM
I AM THE HIGH PRIEST OF A GOD I AM ESTRANGED FROM.
I HAVE TAKEN ON HIS DUTY AS MY OWN.
KHONSHU BROUGHT ME BACK TO LIFE. HIS DUTY IS MY DEBT. AND NOW HIS DUTY IS MY DUTY.
A PRIEST AT ODDS WITH HIS GOD.
WHAT DOES THAT MAKE YOU, THEN? APOSTATE? SCHISMATIC?
HERETIC?
TAKE YOUR CHOICE, I SUPPOSE.
REESE, COULD WE HAVE SOME COFFEE, PLEASE?
GET IT YOURSELF.

"...THIS IS JUST THE FIRST STEP.
"SO TELL ME, KENNETH... WHY WOULD I WEIGH MYSELF DOWN BY BONDING TO ANOTHER HOST?"
TO BE CONTINUED...

COWL-MIC CHECK, REESE.
LOUD AND CLEAR.
YOU AT THE CLINIC YET?
ALMOST.
THEY SAID A SUPER VILLAIN WAS ATTACKING IT?
THAT'S WHAT THEY SAID.

YEARS AGO, THE **VENOM SYMBIOTE** SPAWNED, AND ITS OFFSRING BONDED TO SERIAL KILLER **CLETUS KASADY**. IMBUED WITH INCREDIBLE STRENGTH, SPEED, ENDURANCE AND POWERS SIMILAR TO THOSE OF THE **AMAZING SPIDER-MAN**, KASADY AND HIS EXTRATERRESTRIAL "OTHER" SHARE A UNIQUE BOND AND HAVE LONG TERRORIZED THE MARVEL UNIVERSE AS...

CARNAGE

THOUGH KASADY'S PHYSICAL BODY WAS DESTROYED AND SEPARATED FROM THE ORIGINAL SYMBIOTE, HIS CONSCIOUSNESS ENDURED AS A CODEX IN THE SYMBIOTE HIVE.RECENTLY, HE WAS ABLE TO IMPLANT HIS CODEX INTO THE ***EXTREMBIOTE*** -- ONE OF KNULL'S SYMBIOTE DRAGONS FUSED WITH IRON MAN TECH. IN THE PROCESS, CLETUS SHED HIS LONGTIME COMPANION.

SPURNED, THE HOSTLESS SYMBIOTE IS NOW THE HUNT. BUT WHAT IS THE TERRIFYING ALIEN REALLY AFTER, AND WHO WILL BE ITS NEXT VICTIM?

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DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HE'S DOING A GREAT JOB OF IT.
WHUDD
WHUDD
WHUDD
AAAAGGHHHH!
NO, PLEASE. DON'T STOP ON MY ACCOUNT.
8-BALL. FINALLY PICKED ON THE WRONG CIVILIAN, HUH?
OH CRUD, MOON KNIGHT?! LISTEN, MAN, DON'T CUT MY FACE OFF. I'LL SURRENDER--
AH. "MOON KNIGHT."
THIS ONE ATTACKED MY CLINIC IN SEARCH OF OXYCONTIN.
I LIKE YOUR STYLE, MR....?
DOCTOR.
DR. BADR. I'VE JUST TAKEN OVER THE FREE CLINIC HERE.
I HAD WONDERED WHEN I MIGHT MEET YOU.

CLETUS' Clubhouse

TOM GRONEMAN
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
DEVIN LEWIS
EDITOR
C.B. CEBULSKI
EDITOR IN CHIEF

SEND E-MAILS TO **SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM** (PLEASE MARK "OKAY TO PRINT"!)

There you have it, readers—the first spine-tingling chapter of what promises to be a Carnage story for the ages. Associate Editor Tom Groneman coming to you--less than live but wholeheartedly in print--from the fetal position underneath my desk because my body is positively quaking in fright after reading this issue. Cletus is gone, and the symbiote has taken its first steps on a personal journey...but what is this "devil in the flesh" after? A protégé or something more sinister?

If you're anything like me, then there's no symbiote-starring story you'll miss. Heck, you must be a fan because you're reading a CARNAGE comic! Cletus and the Carnage symbiote have both been wreaking havoc across the Marvel U for the last few years. If you haven't read 2019's ABSOLUTE CARNAGE or last summer's EXTREME CARNAGE, what are you waiting for?! Not only are those amazing comics in their own right, but the events of those books will play an interesting part in this new volume.

I have been a Venom and Carnage fan since the early '90s, and I can promise you that the story Ram V is masterfully weaving will be unlike any Carnage tale before it; unparalleled in its scope, ambition and downright nastiness. Yes, it's a super hero story. Yes, this is an exciting and surprising comic that you should expect from the folks at Marvel. But Ram is executing a dark and twisted blockbuster story that only he could write. Fundamentally compelling, real and relatable. Ever since Ram's initial pitch, I've been so excited to deliver this unique experience into your hands, readers!

We've put together an outstanding team for this iteration of CARNAGE. On art duty, we've got Francesco Manna who is producing the best, most visceral and intense work of his career. I'm thrilled and chilled by Dijjo Lima's ability to burst the dire, devastating, bloody heart of this story onto the page through his coloring choices that perfectly complement Francesco's style and tone, while VC's Joe Sabino's lettering instincts are as spot-on as ever.

Issue #2 is on sale in just one month! Be sure not to miss it because, while this cat-and-mouse tale will be wholly satisfying all on its own, our narrative will also begin to have bigger and badder ramifications for the entire Marvel U as Carnage's plan unfolds.

What is Carnage without a host? Without Cletus' influence? What does this creature aspire to be? The answers will be terrifying, I guarantee it.

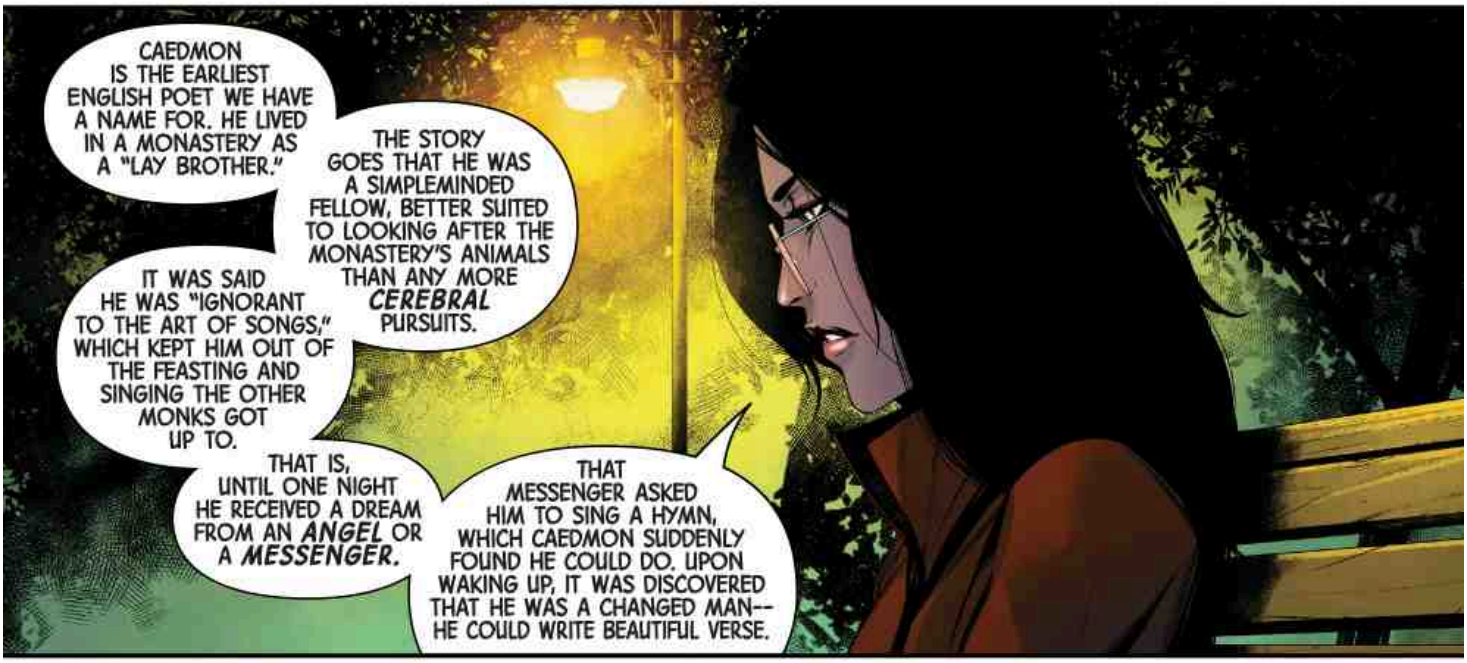
That's it for me, readers! But next, before you go, we've got a very special short story by David Michelinie, Ron Lim, Roberto Poggi, Israel Silva and Joe Sabino that takes us back to the classic, crimson, Cletus-as-Carnage days of yesteryear!

Stay safe!
Tommy G.
2.9.22

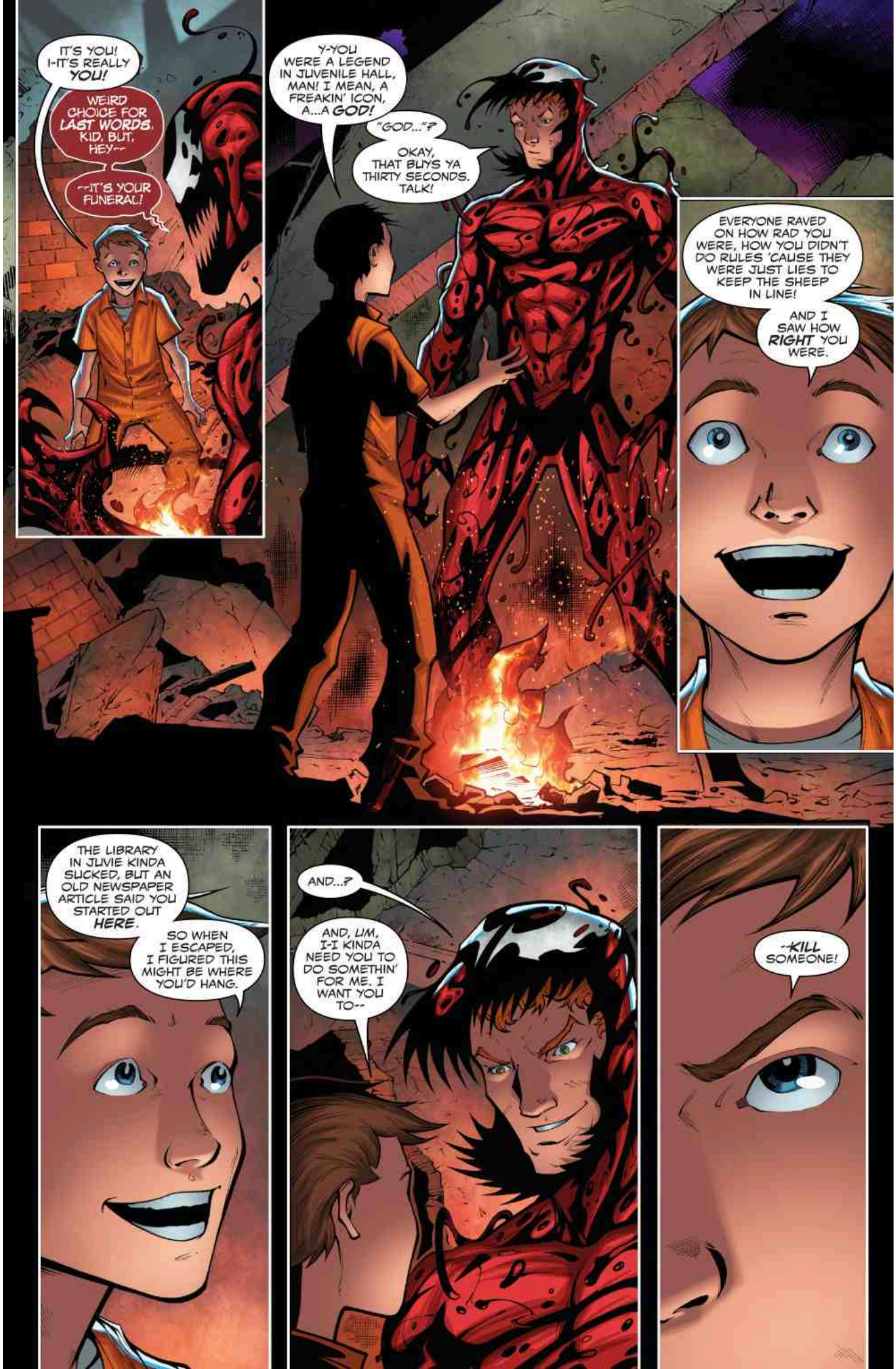
THAT'S THE KIND OF THING PEOPLE SAY RIGHT BEFORE THEY TAKE A SWING AT ME.
DO WE HAVE BEEF THAT I DON'T KNOW ABOUT?
YOU'RE A FIST OF KHONSHU, MR. SPECTOR.
YOU HAVE A SACRED DUTY.
THE FIST OF KHONSHU. AND I DON'T REMEMBER SEEING YOU AT THE CHURCH SOCIAL.
CONSIDER ME RECENTLY ARRIVED FROM THE HOME OFFICE.
AND DISAPPOINTED WITH WHAT I SEE. OUR GOD LANGUISHES IN THE CUSTODY OF FOREIGN DEITIES, AND WHAT IS HIS FIST DOING?
ALLOWING VAMPIRES TO EXIST IN TERRITORY CONSECRATED TO THE DUTY OF KHONSHU. ABSURD. BLASPHEMOUS.
WHAT ARE YOU?
MOON WIZARD? WEREWOLF? YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A MUMMY.
WHICHEVER OF KHONSHU'S CRONIES YOU ARE, DON'T FORGET WHO YOU'RE TALKING TO.
I'M THE FIST OF KHONSHU. HIGH PRIEST TO THE MOON GOD. I OUTRANK YOU.
SO...
WE'VE LANDED ON NOT CUTTING MY FACE OFF? GOOD CHOICE, GUYS. LOVE IT--
AS I SAID BEFORE, I AM A SIMPLE DOCTOR.
BUT I CAN ASSURE YOU, MR. SPECTOR...
...THERE IS BUT ONE WHO OUTRANKS ME IN THE CULT OF KHONSHU.
AND YOU ARE NOT HIM.

BROOKLYN, JUST SHORT OF MIDNIGHT. YEARS AGO.
THE BURNED-OUT RUBBLE THAT WAS ONCE THE ST. ESTES HOME FOR BOYS.
JEEBUS, A SQUATTER? DIDN'T YA READ THE SIGN? "TRESPASSERS WILL BE--
A LESSON IN BLOOD AND BONE
DAVID MICHELINIE WRITER
RON LIM ARTIST
ROBERTO POGGI INKER
ISRAEL SILVA COLOR ARTIST
VC's JOE SABINO LETTERER
TOM GRONEMAN EDITOR
--SHREDDED INTO PEOPLE JERKY!

DO YOU KNOW THE STORY OF CAEDMON?
NO.
TELL ME, PLEASE.


CAEDMON IS THE EARLIEST ENGLISH POET WE HAVE A NAME FOR. HE LIVED IN A MONASTERY AS A "LAY BROTHER."
THE STORY GOES THAT HE WAS A SIMPLEMINDED FELLOW, BETTER SUITED TO LOOKING AFTER THE MONASTERY'S ANIMALS THAN ANY MORE CEREBRAL PURSUITS.
IT WAS SAID HE WAS "IGNORANT TO THE ART OF SONGS," WHICH KEPT HIM OUT OF THE FEASTING AND SINGING THE OTHER MONKS GOT UP TO.
THAT IS, UNTIL ONE NIGHT HE RECEIVED A DREAM FROM AN ANGEL OR A MESSENGER.
THAT MESSENGER ASKED HIM TO SING A HYMN, WHICH CAEDMON SUDDENLY FOUND HE COULD DO. UPON WAKING UP, IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT HE WAS A CHANGED MAN-- HE COULD WRITE BEAUTIFUL VERSE.

HMM.


IT'S YOU! I-IT'S REALLY YOU!
WEIRD CHOICE FOR LAST WORDS, KID, BUT, HEY--
--IT'S YOUR FUNERAL!
Y-YOU WERE A LEGEND IN JUVENILE HALL, MAN! I MEAN, A FREAKIN' ICON, A...A GOD!
"GOD..."?
OKAY, THAT BUYS YA THIRTY SECONDS. TALK!
EVERYONE RAVED ON HOW RAD YOU WERE, HOW YOU DIDN'T DO RULES 'CAUSE THEY WERE JUST LIES TO KEEP THE SHEEP IN LINE!
AND I SAW HOW RIGHT YOU WERE.
THE LIBRARY IN JUVIE KINDA SUCKED, BUT AN OLD NEWSPAPER ARTICLE SAID YOU STARTED OUT HERE.
SO WHEN I ESCAPED, I FIGURED THIS MIGHT BE WHERE YOU'D HANG.
AND...?
AND, UM, I-I KINDA NEED YOU TO DO SOMETHIN' FOR ME. I WANT YOU TO--
--KILL SOMEONE!

THIS ISN'T ABOUT MY DISSOCIATIVE IDENTITY DISORDER.
THIS IS ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE.
YOUR D.I.D., WE CAN TREAT.
BUT YOU'VE BEEN IN BRAIN-TO-BRAIN CONTACT WITH A GOD, MARC-- HOWEVER WE DEFINE "GOD."
M.R.I. AND M.E.G. SCANS SHOW THAT YOUR BRAIN STRUCTURE HAS BEEN FUNDAMENTALLY CHANGED BY THAT.
MY SPECIALTY IS DEALING WITH SUPERHUMAN MENTICIDE.
CASES LIKE JACK MONROE AND RUTHERFORD WINNER.
CONTACT WITH SOMETHING REWROTE CAEDMON'S BRAIN, TURNING HIM FROM A DULLARD TO A POET.
I'M CONCERNED ABOUT WHAT CHANGES YOU'VE GONE THROUGH.
AND WHAT CHANGES YOU WILL GO THROUGH.

"HEAR ME OUT! W-WE'RE NOT THAT DIFFERENT, Y'KNOW. MY PARENTS DIDN'T WANT ME EITHER, DIDN'T EVEN REPORT IT WHEN I RAN AWAY.
"WASN'T LONG BEFORE I LANDED IN JUVIE.
"BUT THAT WAS EVEN WORSE. I WASN'T BIG, WASN'T STRONG.
"SO I WAS AN EASY TARGET FOR A GANG CALLED THE MIDNIGHT BOYS.
"SPENT THREE WEEKS IN THE INFIRMARY WHEN THEY CRUSHED MY HAND IN A LAUNDRY PRESS.
"SUFFERED JEERS AN' MISERY WHEN THEY STRIPPED ME NAKED AND THREW ME INTO THE EXERCISE YARD.
"ONCE A WEEK.
"JUST FOR GIGGLES."

"A PREVIOUS DOCTOR OF MINE TOLD ME SOMETHING SIMILAR.
"BUT ONCE SHE BEGAN TRYING TO *KILL ME*, WE NEVER FOLLOWED UP ON IT."
"OF COURSE. ELISA WARSAME, THE DICTATOR'S DAUGHTER.
"IS THAT GOING TO CAUSE AN ISSUE OF TRUST IN OUR RELATIONSHIP?"
"I DON'T *BELIEVE* SO.
"I'VE SPENT MY LIFE IN DANGEROUS PLACES, DANGEROUS SITUATIONS. MY PARANOIA HAS BEEN CAREFULLY CULTIVATED INTO A KEENLY HONED TOOL.

I WAS IN FOR PETTY THEFT, VAGRANCY, NOTHIN' VIOLENT. I DON'T KNOW HOW TO KILL.
BUT YOU...!
WHOA THERE, SHORT STUFF! WHADDYA THINK I AM, A HIRED HAND?
I'M ON A MISSION! GONNA SHOW THE WORLD THAT ORDER IS BULLSCRAPS, THAT THE ONLY THING REAL IS CHAOS!
I DO WHAT I WANT TO, KID. JUST BECAUSE...
...I CAN!
BUT THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF IT! YOU KILL GOOD GUYS, RIGHT? AND INNOCENT BYSTANDERS?
SO WHAT IF YOU KILLED A BUNCH OF BAD GUYS INSTEAD? LIKE JUVIE INMATES, FUTURE HARD-TIMERS?
THAT'D BE TOTALLY UNEXPECTED!
AND ISN'T THAT WHAT CHAOS IS?
HUH. Y'KNOW, KID...
...I'M BEGINNIN' TO LIKE YOUR STYLE!

"BUT I CAN'T GO ON SEEING ENEMIES BEHIND EVERY DRAWN CURTAIN.
"THAT'S NO WAY TO LIVE."
WELCOME TO THE MIDNIGHT MISSION. I'M MR. KNIGHT. HOW CAN I HELP.
HAR HAR. HERE YOU GO.
I THOUGHT I HAD TO GET MY OWN COFFEE?
I BOUGHT IT FOR MYSELF BEFORE I REMEMBERED THAT I DON'T DRINK COFFEE ANYMORE.
THANKS, REESE.
UGH, I'M GOING TO BE UP ALL DAY.
YOU KNOW WHY I LIKE YOU, REESE?
BECAUSE I'M THE ONLY PERSON YOU KNOW WHO'S BIOLOGICALLY COMPELLED TO KEEP THE SAME SCHEDULE YOU DO?
IT'S BECAUSE YOU DON'T TRY TO FIX ME.

THE MIDTOWN JUVENILE DETENTION FACILITY, MORNING.
THAT'S THEM, THE MIDNIGHT BOYS, THE ONES WITH THE MOON-AND-DAGGER TATTOOS.
GUY WITH THE MOHAWK'S THE LEADER.
MUST BE TRANSFERRIN' TO AN ADULT FACILITY.
DEAD HERE, DEAD THERE...DOESN'T MATTER.
IT'S TIME TO GET THIS PARTY STARTED!
HEAD'S UP, BLUE BOYS!
THUK
THUK
THUP
THAKSH
THE ENTERTAINMENT HAS ARRIVED!

IT'S NOT EASY WHEN EVERYONE THINKS YOU'RE CRAZY.
IT'S EVEN HARDER WHEN THEY'RE RIGHT.
BUT I HAVE A JOB TO DO. IT'S THE REASON I'VE COME BACK FROM THE DEAD. OVER AND OVER.
I'M THE PRIEST OF KHONSHU.
I PROTECT THOSE WHO TRAVEL AT NIGHT.
DAILY BUGLE
M.Spector
IT'S MY SACRED DUTY.
S.Grant
M.K.
"SACRED DUTY."
LISTEN TO THIS GUY.
Mr.Knight
J.Lockley
YOU MAKE ME SICK, MOON KNIGHT.
OR MR. KNIGHT. OR JAKE LOCKLEY. OR STEVEN GRANT.

COOL TATS, GUYS!
BROTHERS FOREVER AN' ALL THAT!
IT'S WHAT I LOVE ABOUT YOU GANGFOLK-- YOU'RE LIKE FAMILY, ALWAYS STICKIN'--
SPLATCH
--TOGETHER!

OR MARC SPECTOR.
YOU DON'T KNOW IT, BUT I'VE MADE A PROJECT OF YOU, PAL.
NOW, NORMALLY, MY STATEMENTS ARE BIG.
LOTS OF FLASH. LOTS OF PIZZAZZ. LOTS OF BODIES.
BUT YOU OFFEND ME. YOU OFFEND ME WITH EVERYTHING YOU STAND FOR.
YOU HAVE SO MUCH POTENTIAL, BUT YOU'RE TOO INTENT ON YOUR CRUTCH.
YOUR "SACRED DUTY."
SO FOR YOU, I'M GOING SMALL. PERSONAL.
BESPOKE.
I'M GOING TO BREAK YOUR FAITH, MOON KNIGHT.
I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU THAT THE ONLY THING WORTH BELIEVING IN IS NOTHING.
AND ONLY THEN, WITH ALL THE PRECIOUS LIES YOU'VE TOLD YOURSELF BURNED TO ASH...

REALLY? PEPPER SPRAY?
PHHSSH
=SSLURP= COULD USE A LITTLE SALT!

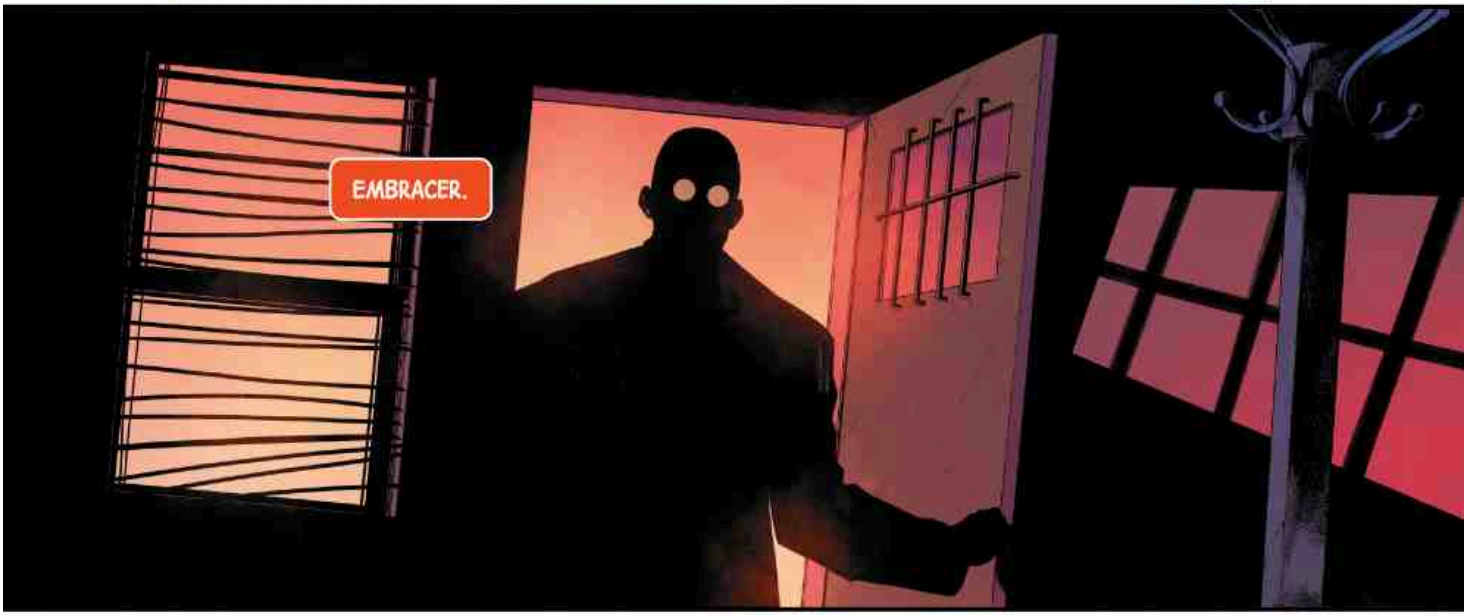
BUT SINCE YOU'RE SO FOND A' THE HOT STUFF--
KRAK
KAAP

--TRY A DOSE 'A THIS!
FWWOOF

YYyAAGGH!

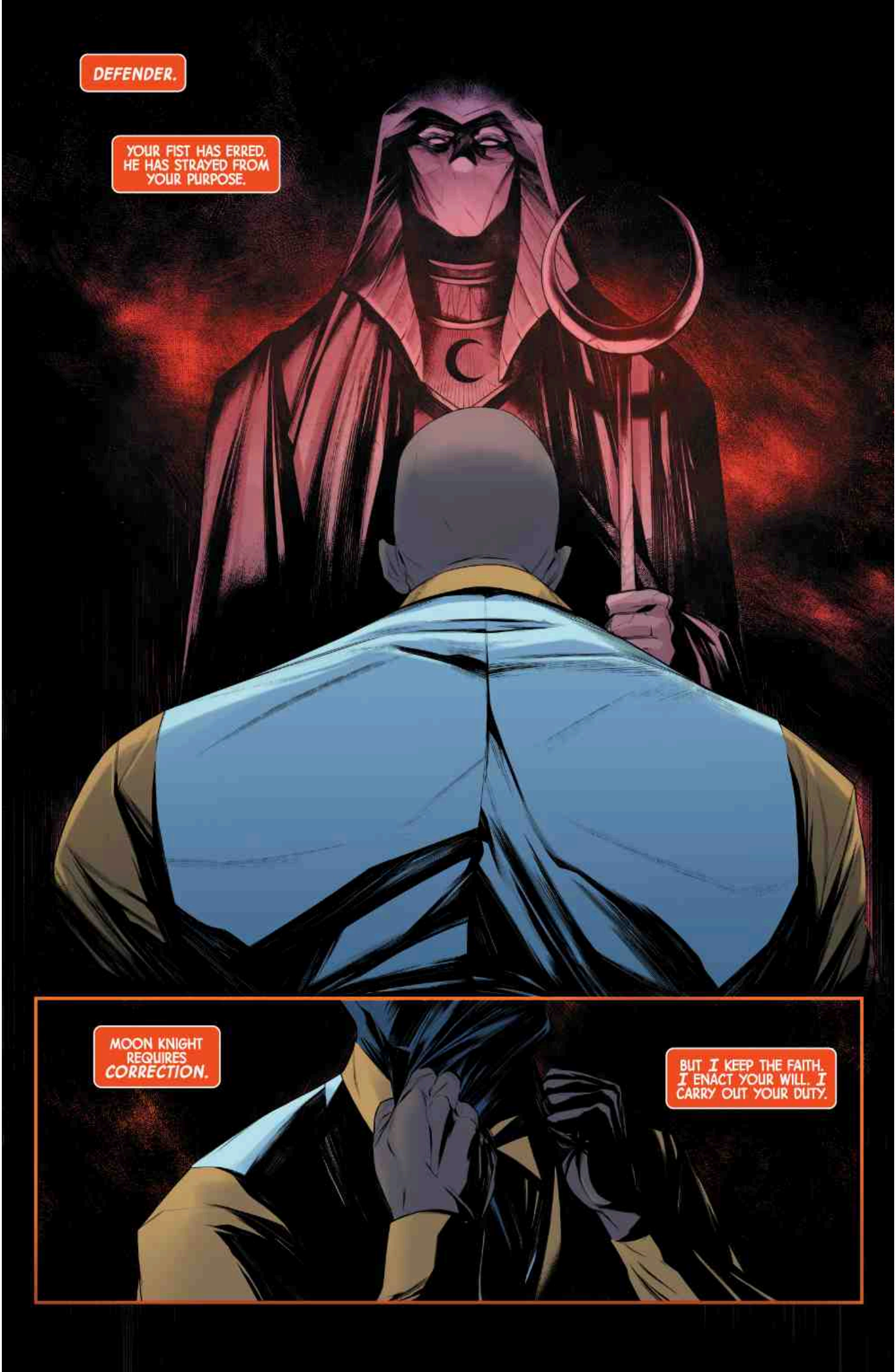
"...WILL WE SEE WHAT YOU REALLY ARE."
HEAR ME, KHONSHU.

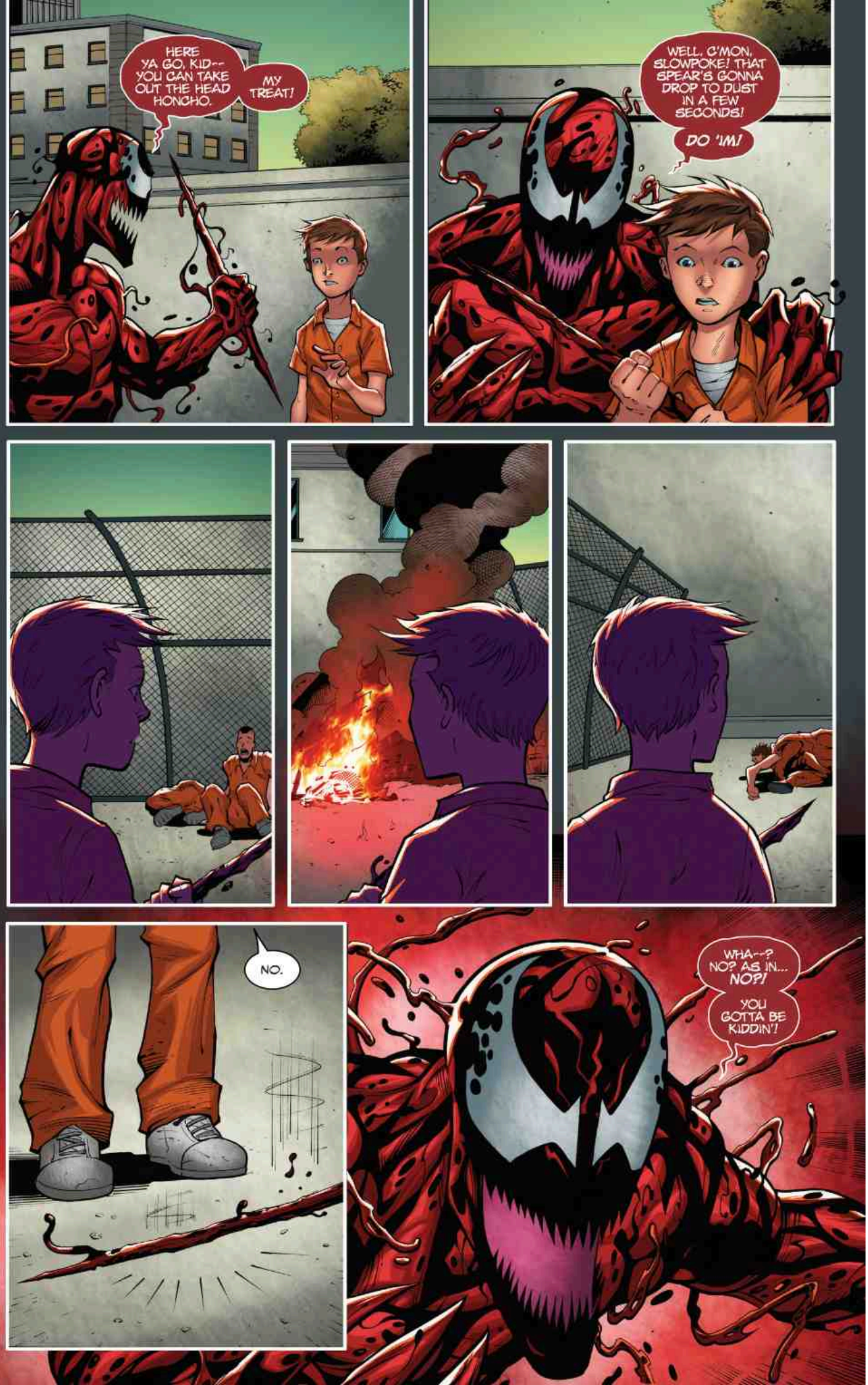
GREATEST GOD OF THE GREAT GODS.
YOU WHO ARE CALLED TRAVELER.


EMBRACER.

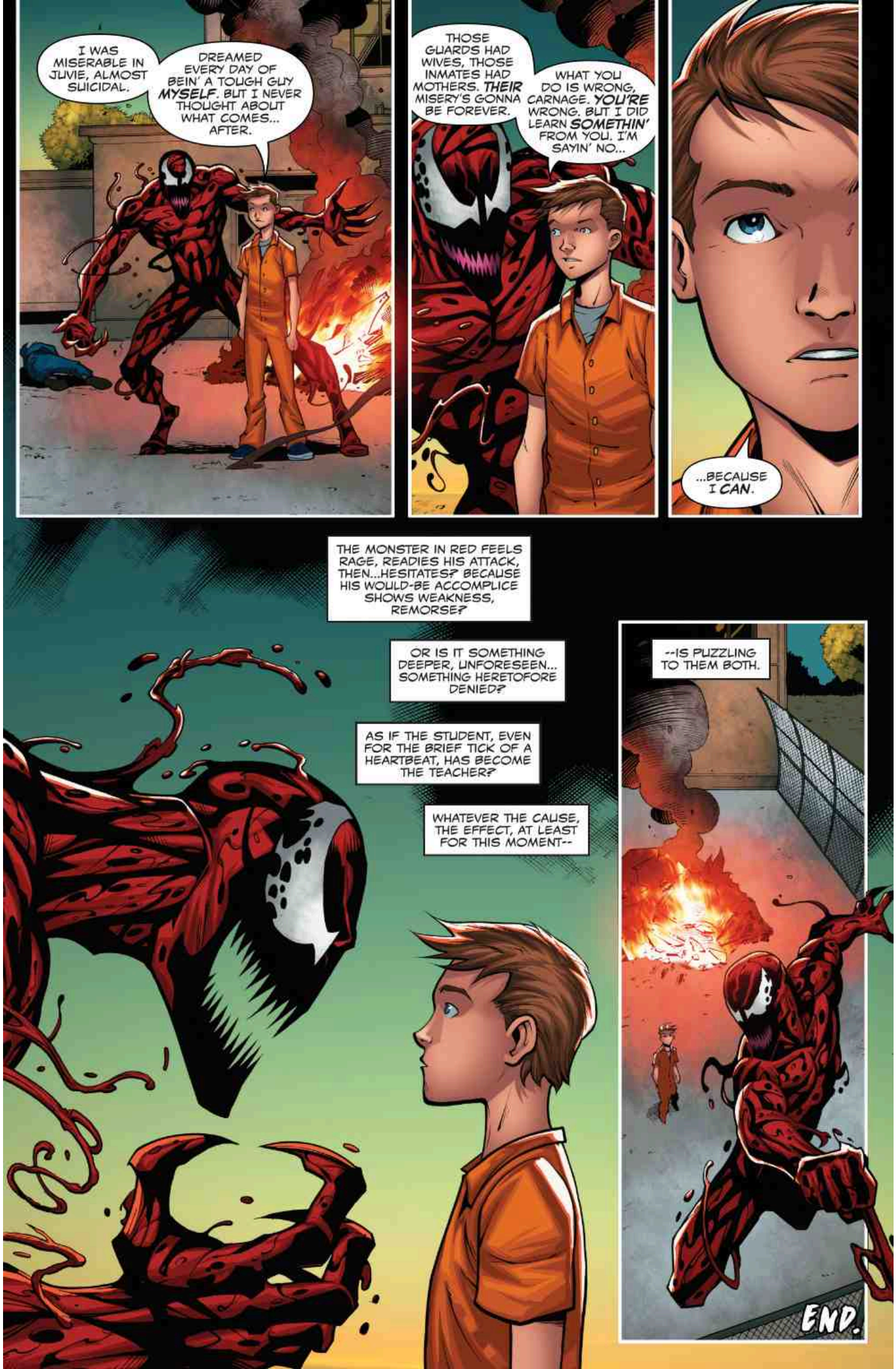
PATHFINDER.

NICE! YOU MUST BE THE BRAINS O' THE BUNCH!
GOT SENSE ENOUGH TO RUN!
BUT CLIMBIN' THAT FENCE IS GONNA TAKE FOREVER, SMARTY-PANTS!
MUCH QUICKER IF YOU JUST GO--
--THROUGH IT!
SSSSSLOSH
WEEOOEEOOEE
UH-OH! SIRENS!
I HATE WHEN THOSE BADGE-THUMPIN' BUSYBODIES BUTT IN!


DEFENDER.
YOUR FIST HAS ERRED. HE HAS STRAYED FROM YOUR PURPOSE.
MOON KNIGHT REQUIRES *CORRECTION.*
BUT *I* KEEP THE FAITH. *I* ENACT YOUR WILL. *I* CARRY OUT YOUR DUTY.

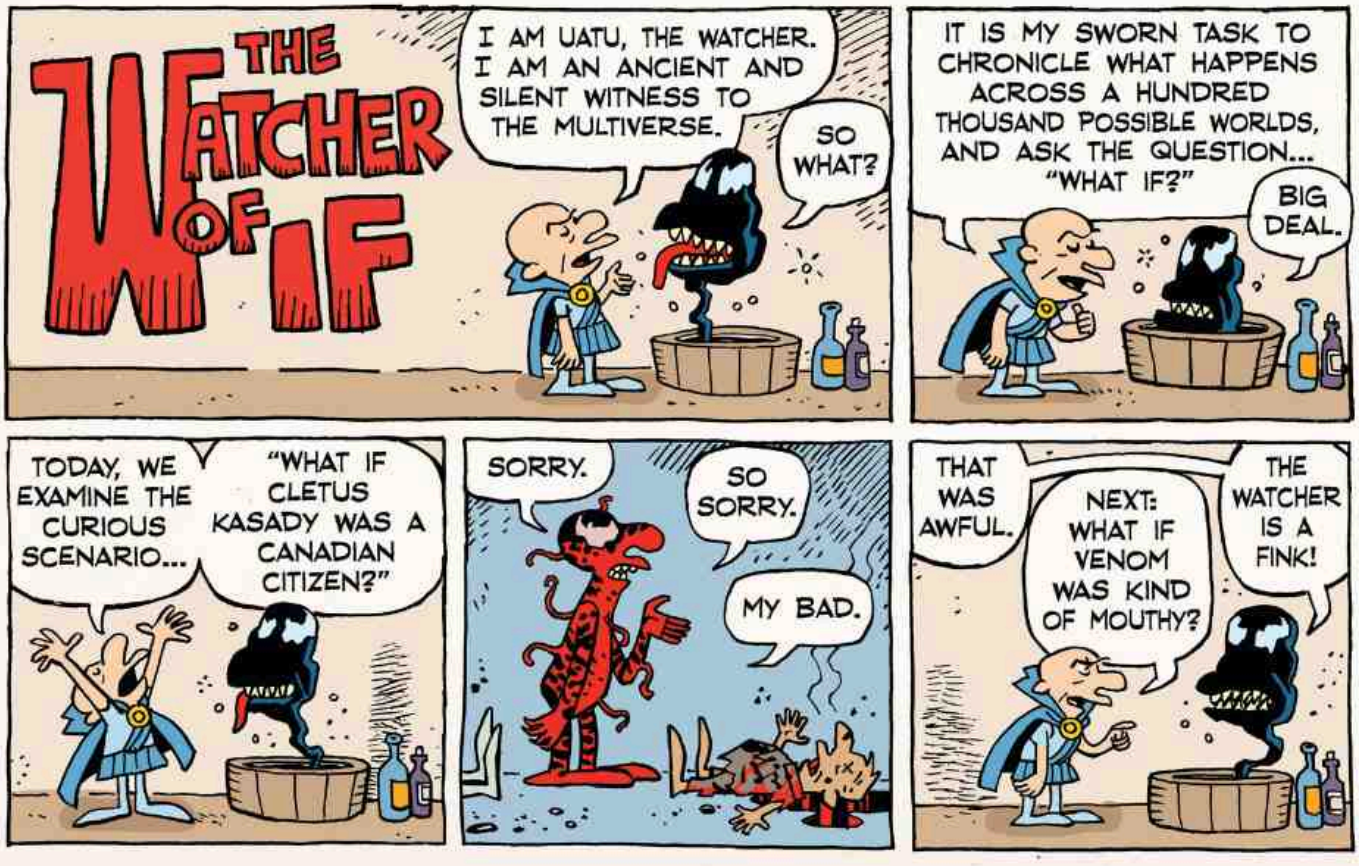

HERE YA GO, KID-- YOU CAN TAKE OUT THE HEAD HONCHO.
MY TREAT!
WELL, C'MON, SLOWPOKE! THAT SPEAR'S GONNA DROP TO DUST IN A FEW SECONDS!
DO 'IM!
NO.
WHA--? NO? AS IN... NO?!
YOU GOTTA BE KIDDIN'!

YOUR RIGHT HAND HAS FAILED YOU. BUT YOUR LEFT HAS NOT.
YOUR OTHER FIST REMAINS FAITHFUL.
YOUR HUNTER'S MOON.
TO BE CONTINUED...


I WAS MISERABLE IN JUVIE, ALMOST SUICIDAL.
DREAMED EVERY DAY OF BEIN' A TOUGH GUY MYSELF. BUT I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT WHAT COMES... AFTER.
THOSE GUARDS HAD WIVES, THOSE INMATES HAD MOTHERS. THEIR MISERY'S GONNA BE FOREVER.
WHAT YOU DO IS WRONG, CARNAGE. YOU'RE WRONG. BUT I DID LEARN SOMETHIN' FROM YOU. I'M SAYIN' NO...
...BECAUSE I CAN.
THE MONSTER IN RED FEELS RAGE, READIES HIS ATTACK, THEN...HESITATES? BECAUSE HIS WOULD-BE ACCOMPLICE SHOWS WEAKNESS, REMORSE?
OR IS IT SOMETHING DEEPER, UNFORESEEN... SOMETHING HERETOFORE DENIED?
AS IF THE STUDENT, EVEN FOR THE BRIEF TICK OF A HEARTBEAT, HAS BECOME THE TEACHER?
WHATEVER THE CAUSE, THE EFFECT, AT LEAST FOR THIS MOMENT--
--IS PUZZLING TO THEM BOTH.
END.

NEXT:

MOON KNIGHT

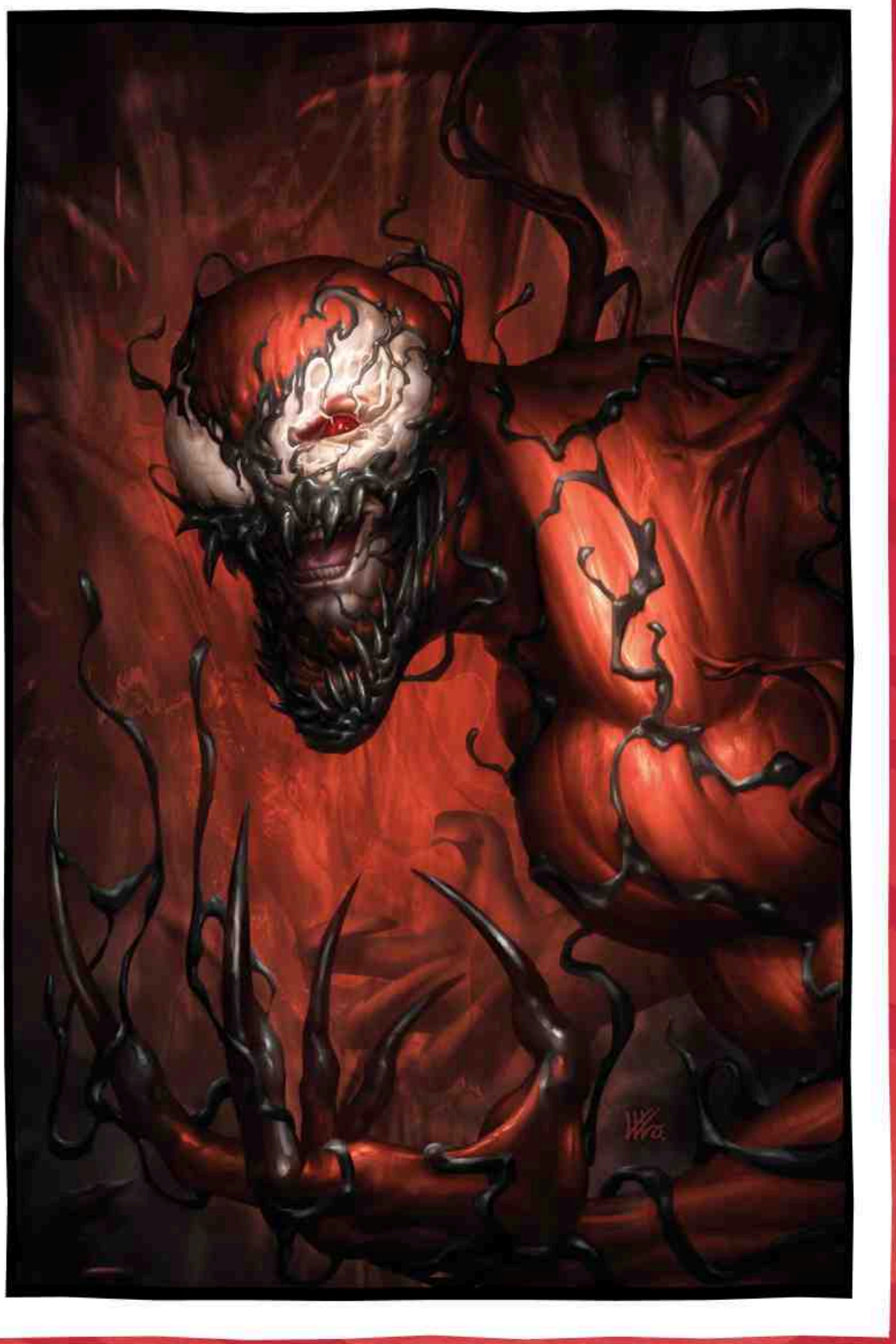

THE WATCHER OF IF
I AM UATU, THE WATCHER. I AM AN ANCIENT AND SILENT WITNESS TO THE MULTIVERSE.
SO WHAT?
IT IS MY SWORN TASK TO CHRONICLE WHAT HAPPENS ACROSS A HUNDRED THOUSAND POSSIBLE WORLDS, AND ASK THE QUESTION... "WHAT IF?"
BIG DEAL.
TODAY, WE EXAMINE THE CURIOUS SCENARIO...
"WHAT IF CLETUS KASADY WAS A CANADIAN CITIZEN?"
SORRY.
SO SORRY.
MY BAD.
THAT WAS AWFUL.
NEXT: WHAT IF VENOM WAS KIND OF MOUTHY?
THE WATCHER IS A FINK!

script and art: Ty Templeton

ZONE

NEXT: ISSUE #2

CARNAGE RULES, AND THE CRIMSON-CLAD CREATURE CRAVES YOUR LETTERS! SEND YOUR NOTES TO **SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM.** BE SURE TO MARK THEM **"OKAY TO PRINT"!** –TOM



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